Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
'Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath martered thee?
Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martered thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

When I did name her brothers, then fresh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the honny dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost withered. (husband,
Marc. Perchance she weepes because they kild her
Perchance because she knowes him innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Because the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe so foule a deede,
Witnes the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy lips,
Or make some signe how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are staind in meadowes yet not dry,
With miery slime left on them by a flood?
And in the Fountaine shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or shall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe shews
Passe the remainder of our hatefull daies?
What shall we doe? let vs that haue our tongues
Plot some deuise of further misery
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Luci. Sweet father cease your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Mart. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wote,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man hast drownd it with thine owne.
Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke, I vnderstand her signes,
Had she a tongue to speake, now would she say

That

5. she knowes them